Dentist

He accounts decay by morning light,
I phrase colors of the corrugated
    shed three stories down,

      changing the language
    as light changes and when

    it stops, the words must
             continue in order

to save us. We say too much and yet
    at a still point are graced.

Now he speaks his speech again--no use
 to talk to me. But then I listen
      since we are all of us forgiven.